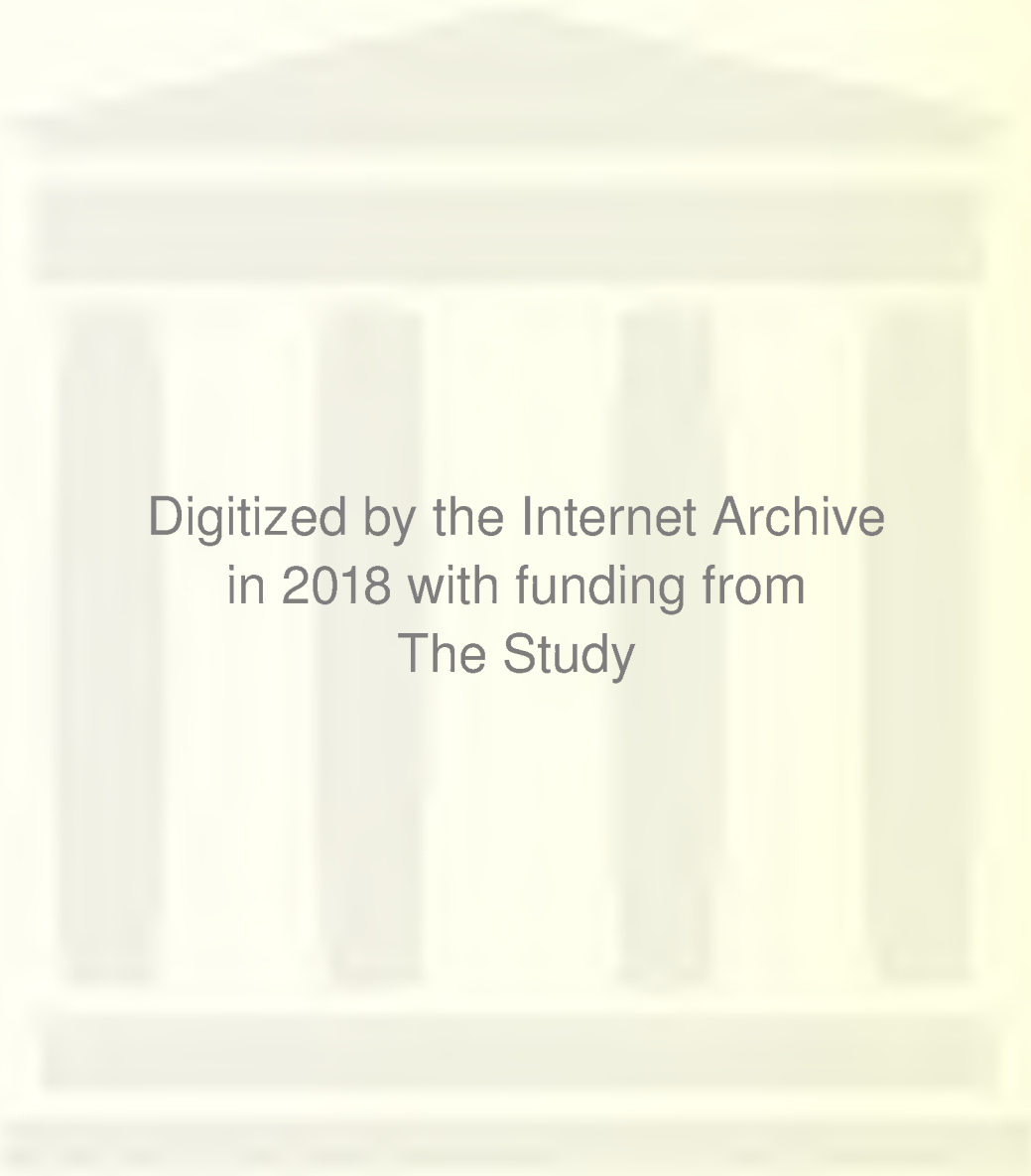


# THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1967



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The Study

# The Study

3 2 3 3 THE BOULEVARD, WESTMOUNT

FOUNDED 1915. Incorporated by Act of the Quebec  
Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Educa-  
tion of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



## Headmistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.



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## MONTREAL

*You are a grain of mustard that shall arise and grow till the branches overshadow the earth.*

*Father Vimont, May 1642.*

The worthy father was preaching the first sermon in Montreal and he was thinking in terms of religion. Since he was also making the first speech on Montreal it is possible to borrow his quotation and apply it to secular ends.

On that day there were forty-five people and no buildings, but there was one altar appropriately decorated with fireflies. It stood on the point between the St. Lawrence and the St. Pierre, near the present harbour, and behind it towered Mount Royal. Now a large and strange city has grown around the port and up the slopes. It is a French city with American overlay and British enclaves. If you know where to look there is also a Chinese section, a German-speaking section and a Greek section with very sweet patisserie—all inclined to live along the lines of the old hymn, "You in your small corner and I in mine."

Strangers who come to Montreal enjoy it more than do the native-born, and make little jokes about going to tour Europe on a bus from Westmount. Today the whole town is at everyone's front door for twenty-five cents and fifteen minutes.

A whole variety of cultures is at everyone's front door, frequently unappreciated. A literary Renaissance, chiefly French, goes on in Montreal while most of the population is not looking. Various political revolutions go on in Montreal while most of the population is looking, frequently confused, not very appreciative. So much is happening that it is hard to tell what is happening, but there is a lot of it.

We also take part in the revolution of our times. A few ealeches linger, a few old houses are protected and restored, but meanwhile skyscrapers spring up all around. A million and a half souls have trouble with the traffic. Helicopters hover and jets fly. In this technological age, while books about our problems pour from presses, unforeseen developments ensue. Who can say that we lack unity while remembering that joyous day when the whole town went underground to ride on its new metro.

As we go to press Montreal is dancing with excitement, hostess to the world! A new dimension of pride alters all the perspectives. The population wears one wide universal grin. And the tremendous enthusiasm of the young people means that they certainly will not live in small corners, but will grow like more mustard seed.

K.L.

## Editorial

He's a real nowhere man  
Sitting in his nowhere land  
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody.

Doesn't have a point of view  
Knows not where he's going to  
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

Nowhere Man, please listen,  
You don't know what you're missin'  
Nowhere Man, the world is at your command.

This editorial was inspired by a song recorded by the Beatles over a year ago. When I first heard the lyrics written above, I began to think about the Nowhere Man. He can be found anywhere in our society, but he is often hard to recognize. There is some of him in almost all of us. He can appear as the ideal schoolboy or schoolgirl—popular with his friends, active in sports and good at his studies. Yet if he lives for his image or for what people think of him, if he is eager to “do what everybody does” or “move with the In Group”, he is just as lost as the disillusioned Man in the Beatles’ song. I’m sure you’ve seen the Nowhere Man at meetings of various organizations. A well-meaning committee talks and makes plans for hours with little effect. This is because worthwhile projects owe their success to the ideas and initiative of individuals. Our Nowhere Man can be found in the sweet, amiable person who agrees with everyone and relies on his friendships for survival. Sometimes we see him in protest marches, wild riots or beatnik dives, displaying himself in shocking attire. He is the non-conforming conformist... the one who pretends to be different so he can gain the respect, awe, or terror of the world.

What is our Nowhere Man like when robbed of his pretenses? Something rather insignificant, I’m afraid. He is a mere reflection of society. His aim is greatness—in other people’s eyes. Fame, admiration, envy—all that which comes from others. He doesn’t ask: “Is this true?”. He asks: “Is this what others think is true?”. Not to judge, but to repeat. Not creation, but show. Not merit, but pull.

Throughout the history of mankind, he has been an impediment to the great creators. The thinkers, the artists, the scientists and the inventors stood alone against the men of their time. Every great new thought or invention was opposed or denounced. The first motor was considered foolish. The airplane was considered impossible. In fact, all the ideas which have improved the condition of mankind were first looked upon as troublesome, eccentric, or heretical. But the men of vision and originality went ahead. They fought, they suffered, they paid. And sometimes they won.

Now the Nowhere Man is rapidly closing in on society and threatens to stunt its growth. We must think of a way to destroy this parasite before it is too late. History has proven that it is not easy to wipe out the ignorance, indifference and superficiality he brings. It demands all the courage, intelligence and energy we possess. We must become open-minded and interested in different things and people, instead of fearing and condemning what we do not understand. To make our lives concentrated, vivid and full, we should be more imaginative and curious about our surroundings. Each one of us should decide for himself the course he will take and then he should have the courage to stand up for his own convictions and actions. Most important of all, we should think and create independently, finding joy and satisfaction in our struggles and accomplishments. These are the demands life makes of us. They may bring pain, disappointment, frustration and hard work. But if we don’t run away like the Nowhere Man, we will receive valuable rewards. We will have a soul of our own... a symbol of privacy, pleasure and freedom... a soul that can love all that is sacred and splendid in humanity. And because of our faith in ourselves, we will be able to give more generously and thoughtfully to others. We do not know if this earth on which we stand is the core of the universe or if it is but a speck lost in eternity. We only know the ecstasy possible to us on earth—the ecstasy of love, creation and achievement. Therefore, let us open our eyes and claim it—the world is at our command.

Julia Keefer



*Prefects-left to right—Julia Case, Sally Sharp-subhead, Gail Lingard-head girl, Christine Curry, Nancy Savage.*

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

Head Girl..... GAIL LINGARD  
 Sub Head.....SALLY SHARP  
 Games Captain..... VIRGINIA RUSSEL

PREFECTS

JULIA CASE  
 CHRISTINE CURRY  
 SALLY SHARP  
 GAIL LINGARD  
 NANCY SAVAGE

EDITOR

JULIA KEEFER

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#### GAIL LINGARD

*"Has anyone lost this... toothbrush?!"*

Gail makes a success of most things but as Head-Girl she has been outstanding. Without ever raising her voice or losing her poise she has gained the respect of the whole school.

Among her many many activities, Gail played a very aggressive guard on the basketball team. She has always been an excellent rider (they say she keeps her horse in her room) and this year she has taken up hockey and skiing. Her enthusiasm inspired the rest of the class to bring hockey sticks (if only to show her how to use one) and the dent she made in Mount Orford when she hit the slopes is still there. Gail hopes to use the great talent she has shown tutoring at the Study Centre this year in working with underprivileged children. Next year she heads for Bishop's (a small university close to her horse.)

#### SALLY SHARP

*"Who me, bored?"*

Sally had a great deal to do this year. Because of her many abilities she was made sub-head of the school, and both head and games captain of her house. She initiated Science Club, went to French Club, played a fantastic shot on the first basketball team and tutored at the Study Centre. Obviously the only time she had to sleep or catch up on school news was in class. Nobody quite knows when she found time to study but her marks have always been the envy of the rest of the class.

Sally came back from her summer science course at Brown University talking biology and abstract algebra which still mystify us but which made us more sure than ever that she has a great career as a scientist ahead of her—if she can only learn to keep track of her glasses.



#### JULIA CASE

*"God bless he who invented sleep"*

Every morning this year Julie could be seen bright and early at 8:45—still asleep at home. Some of her many other accomplishments, such as swallowing fruit flies in science club and leaping down stairs four at a time (occasionally on her feet) have certainly made life different in the Sixth Form. Nevertheless, Julie has succeeded admirably in teaching her little boy at the Study Centre—a project into which, as co-head, she has put so much time and energy this year. And as our Federation of High Schools' representative, Julie's organizational abilities have finally come to light—she sure had us fooled!

Julie has also been an efficient prefect and an enthusiastic head of Kappa Rho, as well as an energetic guard on the first basketball team—where she tried valiantly to prove that she is NOT uncoordinated! So with all her spirit and her many talents we know Julie will do well at Bishop's next year, if she can remember where she put her books and her looseleaf... and her pen...



#### CHRIS CURRY

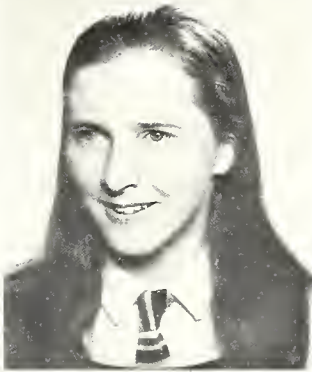
*"Now I'm six, I'm as clever as clever,  
I think I'll be six now for ever and ever."*

*A.A. Milne*

Although Christine has only been in the Study for four years her absence next year will be felt by both staff and girls! At the first sign of spring, Chris is sticking her head out the window testing a new tube of Bain de Soleil, returning to class only to make the occasional comment in Algebra. She is one of the few members of our sixth form who has done serious studying this year, but she is forgiven for this fault in music class where she usually manages to drown out the rest of our sour notes. With her short Twiggy haircut our efficient prefect can now see at whom her attempts at discipline are aimed! We are sure that her season's pass at Orford will be in constant use while she is attending Bishop's University next year. Watch out Bishop's—our loss is your gain...or vice versa!







#### NINA FIALKOWSKI

*"Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may have a concert."*

Nina casually drifts to and from school at all hours of the day. After all, doesn't everyone practise the piano five hours a day and do two school years in one? Nina has already started a successful career as a concert pianist. She has performed with the Montreal Symphony and has won prizes at the Kiwanis, Quebec and National Jeunesse Musicale festivals. She is working on her bachelor's and master's degrees in music at the Université de Montreal. Perhaps these studies explain why she is the best French student in the class! In spite of all her activities, Nina does not neglect the domestic arts—her Polish ham sandwiches are a favourite of her greedy classmates. If the class suddenly bursts into laughter during a serious discussion, it is because one of Nina's witty remarks wafted from the back of the room. With all her amazing talents and humor Nina is sure to be a great success and we were very happy to have her with us this year.

#### JUDY FISHER

*"Five foot two, eyes of...oops...hazel!"*

Judy shows her enthusiasm for the Study by being the first of the two hundred and fifty students to grunt up the steps each morning. Judy covers more mileage every weekend than all of us put together as she speeds out to Knowlton every Friday at 1:01. She can describe every tree and cow along the autoroute.

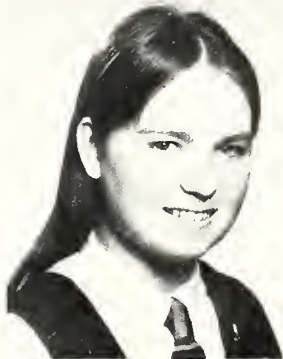
Our super skier is often mistaken at Owl's Head for a pupil instead of an instructor—but do not think it is because she is only five feet two inches high! This year Judy decided to take up the feminine art of sewing (so that she will be able to sew curtains for the barn) and seems to be making button-holes very well now. She will be spending her first summer in Montreal this year, so if you see someone riding down St. Catherine Street on a horse, you'll know it's Judy adjusting to city life!



#### LESLIE GOULD

*"Toujours gaie"*

Having faced and coped with the traumatic experience of Bunga in Lower III, Leslie bounced through the other forms until, lo and behold, she reached the elevated and "privileged" position of the Sixth. Here, as co-head of the library and most prompt returner of books (four history and two novels overdue to date) and also as co sub-head of Delta Beta, and a study-centre tutor, Leslie has showed herself enthusiastic and capable. "Freckles", whether arguing in Art class or diligently copying Latin, is always willing to spare a minute to help Barb plan meals. Her determination both to keep her hair long (in spite of all Judy's attempts) and to continue playing the banjo will help her along in occupational therapy. We are sure they will enjoy her running commentaries (bilingual yet) at Richmond, Virginia.



#### DENISE GROSSMAN

*"Wishful thinking is bashing up the car so badly you have to get a new one."*

The first bell rings and then Denise saunters in. Being the only member of the class who lives away out in the Town, she finds it hard to make us understand how difficult it is to get to school on time.

Den has recently deserted the elite of the back row in order to get some work done at the front of the class... under Fish's supervision. We have never been able to figure out how Denise can eat so many cookies at break and stay so thin. We also can't understand how Den always manages to look so neat while the rest of us look so messy. To make herself even neater, she cut nearly two feet of hair to make eyelashes.

Denise has already proved herself a world traveller in her many trips to Orford Lake where she contemplates nature... Next year we hope that Oxford, Ohio will enjoy Denise as much as we know she will enjoy Oxford.





#### JENNIFER HILL

*"Happiness is having Katie roll the pennies"*

As co-treasurer of the school, Jennifer is our most expert penny-roller and is famous for transporting two hundred and fifty dollars worth of pennies to the bank—in tomato boxes! As co-chairman of the library committee, she is also noted for reminding people of their library duties. (Now if only she could remember her own...). Everyone admires the calmness with which Jen meets every crisis and the warm smile with which she greets us everyday. She has spent an afternoon a week over most of her holidays working at the Royal Vic. for the last two years and she has seldom missed a day. Her talents for working with invalids is evident from the eagerness with which the patients await her arrival.

Next year Jennifer heads for nursing at U.N.B. where she will be a great success.

#### JUDY JOHNSTON

*"Happiness is a private tennis court."*

Judy's duties and interest are many and varied. Not only is she subhead of MuGamma and a member of the library committee, but she is renowned for cutting Leslie's hair, counting pennies, discussing "Peyton Place" (the T.V. program, not the book!), attending football games, and decorating Christmas trees. (Believe it or not it was not her fault that the star was on a ninety degree angle to the rest of the tree.) Judy's staunch conservatism has added greatly to the heat of our class discussions (notably scripture.)

Besides all this, Judy is one of the most active volunteers at the Rehab. All the children there eagerly await her arrival each Friday, and this interest had decided her future plans. Next year she will enter the Physio-Therapy faculty at McGill.



#### JULIA KEEFER

*"To get into the best society nowadays one has either to feed people, amuse people or shock people"*

Julia's excitable nature and wicked sense of humor have provided her with many unbelievable adventures. Her ability for speaking quickly, has left us speechless at the end of a discussion—still figuring out what she said. However, this year Julie has used both her talents and creative ideas in many activities—acting, directing, broadcasting, advertising, fashion commentating, and editing our "illustrious" magazine. In her spare hours, she entertains her "good buddies" or relaxes with her guitar. Next year she will invade the world of Theatre and Broadcasting in Boston.

#### MARY LYMAN

*"What, me romantic?"*

Orford's most avid skier, Mary just managed to squeeze in a little school between her heeie weekends. But in those short five days she achieved a great deal. On the volleyball court she and Chris formed an unbeatable combination. As a house head Mary led Delta Beta to victory and her Monday morning smile (gloat?) could be very frustrating for less fortunate house heads. At one time or another this same big smile cheered all of us, including Mrs. Reiffenstein. Because of her gift for working with small children, Mary hopes to become either a social worker or a teacher. Next year she will be found studying at Bishop's.







#### KATIE MacINNES

*The land of the heart is the land of the West.*

When she isn't running up and down the mountain getting in shape to be one of the best shots on the first basketball team, Katie finds time to be a keen sub-head of Kappa Rho and an organizer of Christmas parties, Easter parties, tea parties, and penny drives; as one of our money-mad Treasurers this year, she has helped make the school more aware of Collection days than usual. But when all the pennies are rolled, Katie goes regularly to French Club (even if she isn't a member) and can be seen on the volleyball court, where her muscle-bound service is enough to intimidate anybody. Outside of school, Katie's maternal instincts are divided between her little girl at the Study Centre and Thomas (fear not—he's a big black cat!) Katie's talents are endless; what with pinking shears and razor blades, she knows a great deal about hair-cutting—as we have noticed several times on the morning after! With all this behind her, she is sure to be a big success at Neuchatel.

#### CYNTHIA OWENS

*"Happiness is a job at Expo"*

Cindy came to the Study in grade ten from Westmount High and since then she has become an integral part of the class atmosphere. She has proved herself a linguist by glibly intermingling French metaphors with her English slang. Her skill at impersonation has helped to lighten the heavy load of the matric year.

Working her way up in the world, Cindy managed to find her place on the front line of the basketball team, and graduated from the slopes of St. Sauveur to the lofty peaks of Mont. St. Anne. As sports captain of Delta Beta, she had devoted much of her time to instilling enthusiasm and spirit into her house.

Being an aunt for two years now, to the envy of the rest of the class, Cindy has shown herself capable with children and will surely fulfill her ambition of becoming a good teacher.



#### PENNY PACKARD

*"Daddy, Daddy ! Do we have that kind of tree in Canada?" "Yes, dear — That's a Maple!"*

Penny never feels really happy until she is scated, legs crossed and Martha's glasses placed pertly in her hair, contemplating various personalities of history, a subject in which she greatly excels. Penny leads an active life—her morning begins with cheerfully greeting her class-mates as she expertly checks attendance on the register. Every Friday she rushes downstairs madly emitting various squawks, to find out the sports points for K.R., of which she is the games captain. Her other activities include volunteer work at the Rehab where her maternal instincts are revealed. She is a member of the Library Committee but somehow manages to remain duty-free; as an authority on Peyton Place, she avidly discusses the dramatic values with Judy and Sally. One important achievement of Penny's should be noted—her somersaults have now reached a high degree of perfection. When our friendly social convenor enters Sir George Williams next year, clutching her trusty tube of Lypsil, we are confident that she will be successful.



#### MARTHA PHEMISTER

*"Keep smiling—it makes everyone else wonder what you're up to."*

We should like to inform one and all, that Martha, our sports car enthusiast, FINALLY got her license. Whether it was due to her driving ability or big blue eyes we are not sure, but at any rate we are proud of her.

When not driving or talking to other sports car fans, Marthy can be found devoting her time to library duties, ski exercises, art, and maths. Her extensive vocabulary and definite ideas have been a great asset to our English class and have helped to overwhelm many a less ardent arguer. Her optimism and calmness have often reassured and comforted a distressed classmate.

With her knack for making friends, Phemie should have no trouble at college. Next year she will hit the campus of Carleton where we're sure they will appreciate her singing talent and punctuality (??)







**VIRGINIA RUSSEL**

*"Man, Blizzard Reisen Slaloms, they're the best-205's at that!"*

With her short blond hair, brand new hush-puppies, neat tunic and "pea jacket" (blazer) Ginny's distinguished figure makes the rounds every morning. As well as Ginny's appearance her efficiency as subhead of Beta Lambda reflects her remarkable qualities of organization and leadership. With her great sport's ability it only seemed natural for Ginny to be elected both games' captain of her house and of the school.

Ginny's domination of every basketball game has left her flabbergasted opponents dreading the inescapable toss. Nor has "Giraff" confined her efforts to the basketball court. From the first snowflake, Ginny can be seen reaving up the Beaumont. Her destination—Hill 69 where she instructs a class of nine Polar Bears. In summer between tennis games and water-skiing Ginny finds time to perfect her scrapbook on Nancy Greene and dream of skiing.

**NANCY SAVAGE**

*"Alas for those that never sing. But die with all their music in them!"*

Nancy's laugh has been her trademark since lower B, but only recently we discovered that Nance often has missed the joke! (she has a habit of joining in the middle of conversations). As an exuberant basketball player she has gained the nick-name "Tigger," and has also kept us guessing about her "cakes and ale—isn't that from the Bible?" In between her weekends at Lake Anne, Nance has been kept fairly busy with her duties as prefect, head of Beta Lambda, and with Jimmy at Study Centre; but she has still managed to play a few speedy hymns in prayers, and is definitely the "key note" in Mr. Riddell's music class. Nance is headed for "Middlebury College" next year—armed with her copy of "Harrap's"



**BARBARA TENNANT**

*"For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still."*  
Goldsmith

Barbara was the first in our class to be accepted by a university, and the first to get "four" pierced ears. Along with her growing collection of earrings, her tunic (which is slowly disintegrating) and her eagerness to scan Latin poetry, she has a mischievous laugh—which erupts during the more serious moments of a class. Lack of knowledge on a certain subject never stops her beginning an argument, and being wrong never stops her from winning it. "Pastor Barb's" philosophy permeates and startles every class, notably English and History. Her fear of humid days (frizzy-hair weather) and her large extent of calf exercises add greatly to this philosophy of life.

Good luck next year—growing your bangs and getting through initiation at U.N.B.!



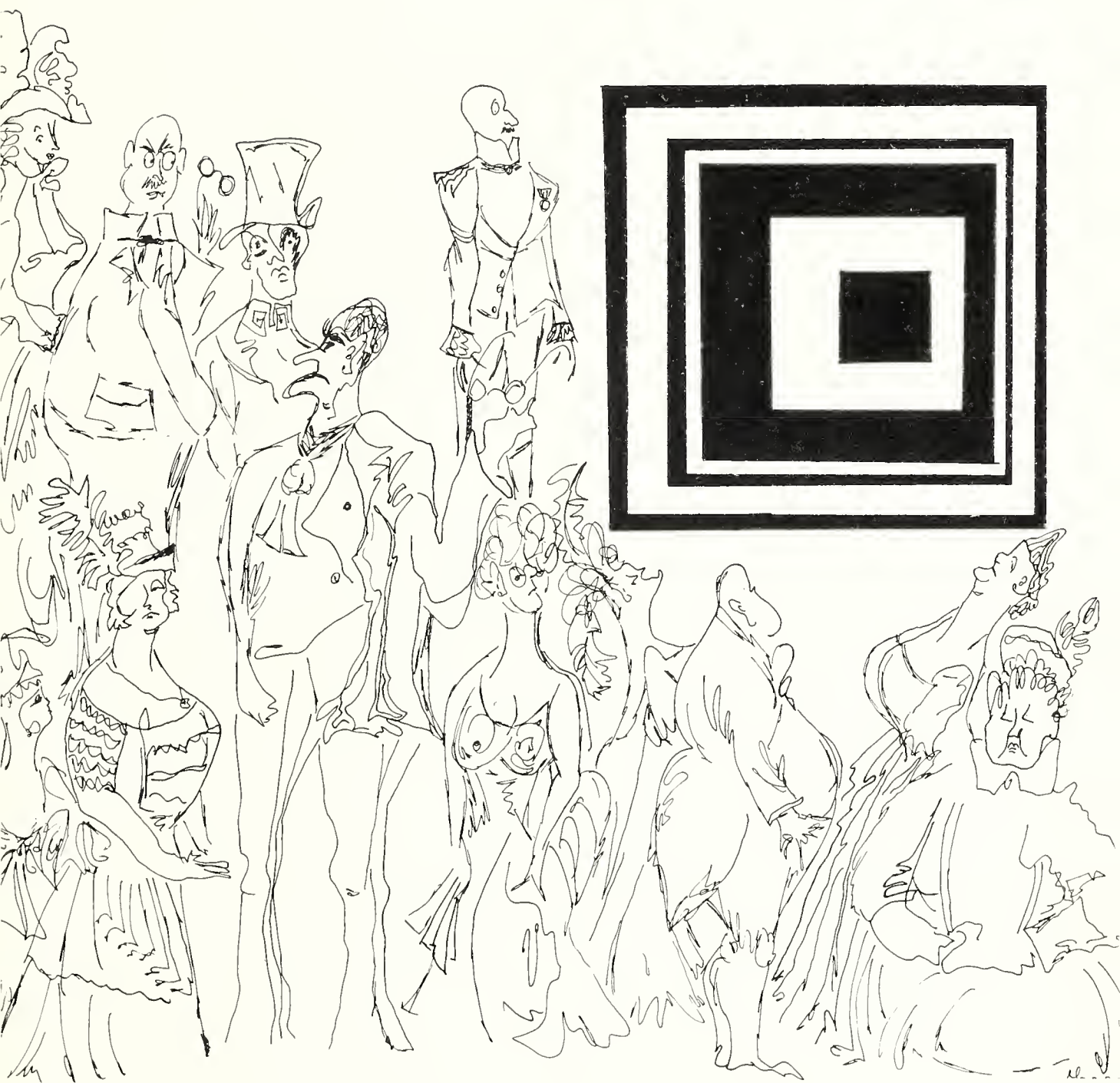
## ODE TO THE SIXTH FORM

Now as we reach the end of our last year,  
The sixth form stops to think, with many a tear,  
Of times gone by, of antics good and bad;  
Of how we laughed, of all the fun we had  
Now first there's Russel with her basketball,  
And Owens too, but she's not quite so tall.  
While Chris and Judy each ate 15 buns,  
Kate and Jen were adding to our funds,  
And Case and Tennant argued back and forth,

And Phemister and Savage drove up north,  
But Lyman much preferred the slopes down south,  
And Keefer babbled on with hand in mouth.  
While Grossman sat devouring prunes and prunes,  
And Nina entertained us with her tunes,  
Johnston tried to put Gould's hair in clips,  
And Penny struggled daily over slips,  
While Lingard proudly sat upon her horse,  
Sharp wrote this lovely poem,—but of course!

SALLY SHARP

# *Creative Arts*



## CANADA—A LAND AWAKENING

Awake Canada and shake from your still young arms the burden of one hundred yesterdays. For today is your day and all your people are rejoicing. Church bells will ring and children sing, and from sea to sea all eyes will look to you and all feet turn toward the majesty of your land.

But forget not your own people. You will surely remember, for your body has felt the fierce tread of men fighting for you and liberty within your boundaries. These have been laid to rest beneath your very soil, and you know and love these best.

Lonely feet have crossed your borders and walked your roads, seeking shelter within the confines of your shores. And you have accepted these from all lands and united them; all colours and creeds under one name—Canadians.

Tired feet have ploughed your fields and dropped life into your earth, and prayed that you would accept this offering and cultivate it. And you did. We give you thanks for the wheat and corn and barley of the prairies and all that has grown.

Happy feet have danced across Canada. Happy, because they have all that they need, a heritage and above all a land to be proud of. So they celebrate, happy in their beautiful country.

Quiet feet have contemplated your beauty. They have stood on the tips of your highest mountains and in the depths of your valleys and on your shores. They have watched the wealth of your domain, and have written and sung of the loveliness and the love of your people. Towering pines, rolling sunlit plains, rocky shores and icy, tingling water. You are all that is fresh and beautiful and new.

Small feet wander, and laugh and dance through your sparkling waters, and climb your trees and wonder at your majesty.

And sad feet, unable to wait for this centennary are laid within your bosom in the land where they lived and loved. Remember all of these; the feet who protected you, discovered you, loved and helped you and especially those who died for you.

And today as all feet tap and dance, look about you and remember, and smile, for all feet are headed your way.

MARIANNE MCKENNA, *Upper Five*

Alexander Hutchison, Essay Competition  
Senior Prize. (tied)

## THIS IS THE WORLD OF TODAY

This is the world of today,  
The world of the light and the darkness,  
And the world of the fury of fear.  
This is the world of the past,  
Ancient in evil and good,  
Choice of the same in its death.  
Wild potential of lights,  
Myriad lights in the darkness,  
Far and remote in the black!  
This is the world of the past,  
This is the world of today,  
This is the world of the future,  
Pinpoints of light in the dark.

MARGOT LOUIS, *Upper Fourth*



## Le géant et les trois princes

Il était une fois trois jeunes princes. Le premier était égoïste et fier. Le deuxième aussi. Le troisième était très gentil et doux. Un jour les trois frères marchaient dans la ville et ils ont entendu un monsieur dire à un autre monsieur, "J'ai vu un terrible géant dans la forêt près de la ville. Le géant ne m'a pas vu".

Le premier prince dit à ses deux frères, "Je vais aller le tuer. Je reviendrai avec la tête du géant sur mon cheval et toute la ville saura que je suis un héros".

Le jour suivant le prince monte sur son cheval et va dans la forêt avec un grand sabre. Quelques minutes après, il voit le géant qui mange une girafe.

Le prince descend de son cheval et prend son sabre. Il marche sans bruit derrière le géant.

Mais au moment où il lève son sabre pour couper la tête du géant, le géant se retourne; il prend le prince dans ses bras, l'écrase contre sa poitrine, et le mange.

LISA PACUN *Upper A*  
Winner of Language Competition



## ON THUMB SUCKING

A thumb is indeed a friend in need,  
A comfort and a cheer,  
When things look glum just suck a thumb!  
It will drive away all tears.  
When the land of nod seems far away,  
And one dearly wants to sleep,  
Just open your mouth, and pop in a thumb,  
And slumber is yours to keep.  
When anger and dread enter your head,  
And you want to make them go,  
Take out your gum, and bite on your thumb,  
Then say goodbye to your woe!

M. DE JONG *Upper Fourth*

## SOUNDS

I like sounds loud or soft. I like to hear the birds sing, and the wind whistling and pushing me. I like to hear my mother talking when I am in bed and the fire is crackling in the fire-place; and the sound of people singing; and the waves roaring when I am swimming with my brother. I like to hear the sounds of people walking, and the sound of a book as I turn the pages while sitting on a chair. I like to hear a boat on the water, and fish swimming in a pond when they flip their tails. I like the sound of people running, and rain falling from the sky; and the sound of people reading, and the leaves when they come down from the trees; and the bees buzzing all day long.

SUSAN GREY, *Upper B*

## WHAT HOLIDAYS ARE

Holidays are a time to rest,  
From school and work and books and tests;  
A time to have fun and play and feast  
And think about school the very least.

DOONE PATCH, *Lower Third*

## LEAVES

Brown and yellow, gold and red,  
Drifting while I go to bed,  
Like little angels above my head,  
I see them through the window glass,  
Twisting, twirling on the grass.

SANDRA DE JONG, *Upper B*

## DROUGHT

The country lay parched  
Under the vigilance of the copper sun.  
Which hung like a blazing furnace over the land.  
The men lay, caught like flies by the iron hand of the heat,  
The earth cracked, its great open chasms gasping for life;  
And still the heat hung like a pall on the land.  
The dry riverbeds and wilted cities begged for rain;  
Man, self confident, sent his silver birds to seed the clouds,  
Tried by all meteorological means to induce the rain to fall, but all in vain.  
The very sky seemed to chant in gloating glee;  
“Ah, now, man, where are your iron-museled monsters by whom you rule the world?”  
Nothing of man’s creation could now help the earth.  
He died, a slow death, all living things ceased to exist.  
And then came the rain.

PENNY SMITH, *Lower Fifth*

## IS THERE A SNORER IN YOUR HOUSE?

The quiet wind tiptoes through the room, while the moon spins a silver web to the earth through the black of the night. The whippoor-will wails gently to his love while some field mice pitter through the grass. The blankets are soft and warm. Peace... peace... pea... hunn? What’s that? Pigs? We don’t own any pigs! A motor boat? At two o’clock in the morning? Ridiculous! George?... George!, it’s YOU!

This irritating noise produced by the vibrating of the soft palate disturbs many housewives in the bowels of the night. On being wakened by the honking and spluttering of her husband she is temporarily taken over by demonish anger. Horns peer through her hair and fangs protude behind her lower lip. The strange sounds are then greeted with strong words, a pillow or a harsh poke in the stomach whereupon the victim starts and groans, “Hellllp... Monsterssss...” and goes back to sleep... and snores. Something MUST be done.

The next morning the frustrated housewife waddles to the handy-gadget store after a sleepless night. Upon seeing what she wants, she stops and inquires, “Do these articles really help? Will you please show me this? A neckband that stretches the neck? Good grief, no—he’ll get a wrinkly neck. Oh! What’s that? Extra large adhesive tape. Gracious, never! What’s that you said, a music gadget? It says, “Roll over honey bun??? Well, I’ll take it.” So she trots home and clips the gadget to the back of her husband’s pyjamas, and prays.

A pleasant week passes, and the wife is happy and gay. On the eighth night the wind tiptoes through the room, the moon spins a silver web to the earth. The... peace... peace... pea... huun? What’s that? Pigs?

JENNIFER COLBY, *Middle Fifth*

## AND YET. TO ME, WHAT IS THIS QUINTESSENCE OF DUST?

Hamlet-II-II

This quintessence of dust that obsesses the young prince is very easy for me to talk about. It is everything happy and good, including the speech from which the question comes. It is the people who are free from "high society", the people who are free in themselves. It is Zorba... the free... the essence of freedom.

It is snowy treetops against a satin grey sky at Mont Tremblant and the sometime sand at Evangeline Beach in the summer sun. It is special songs. It is people who don't have to talk with words. It is people who don't feel obliged to "fill in" silences with inane laughter or "small talk".

Of course, it is that feeling of overtures on opening night and the smell of dampness and paint and canvases than can be backstage. The sound of a voice that can absolutely freeze life, and hold it still, so that when you start in the silence after he stops, you find you've stopped breathing.

It is our 'yawning Hercules', Canada—the one hundred year old child. The mountains and sands and green green grass and the people so proudly quiet and quietly proud. This sterile promontory, Montreal, is indeed beautiful; growing and new with no end in sight, far from sterile—the biggest city in the confederation.

It is beautiful air and music and laughter. It is the feeling of a book bound in soft leather, firm, which can only be described as sensual. It is a dream, a duleinaea. It is a quest that makes life important, an impossible dream type of quest, a Don Quixote type of quest.

It is one bird singing for a minute, for a moment, "for one brief shining moment" at Dusk. It is beauty which makes up this quintessence of Dust, a beauty which poets can never tell.

"If I could write a sunset  
Or catch a bird's love song  
Then that would be all.  
But happiness is a sometime thing."  
J. Mason

AUDREY KEYES, *Upper Fifth*



D. MATHESON, *Upper IV*

## THE CITY SLEEPS

The city sleeps. Its monstrous frame expands and slowly sinks again,  
Pulsating with life though the body is in repose.  
Its network of veins, lit by neon, criss-cross through its being.  
And cars, like tiny capillaries, run back and forth from place to place,  
Giving energy, blood-cells carrying fire.  
The many limbs, marked by bridge lights,  
In slumber are thrown over the river  
As though the silent waters were its sleeping lover  
Lying softly by its side.  
The city sleeps with the night,  
And wakes to frenzy once again with the dawn.  
Yet, throughout the dark it lived and moved,  
And thus it never slept at all.

SARAH LARRATT SMITH, *Upper Fifth*



## WHY MUST MAN SUFFER?

Why must Man suffer? This question has been uttered over and over again throughout the centuries. Before even attempting to answer, let me take you on a guided tour of a city named Namuhtsuj. You have not heard of it? Here, allow me to refresh your memory. Guide-books have called this city "picturesque yet exciting", "a blend of old and new." This is easily seen in the soaring buildings, which took many millions of dollars to finance, and many hours to erect. It can be seen in the quaint churches, where people even kneel and pray "just like the guidebook said." Large parks are readily available if you enjoy the sight of children playing in the sun, and lovers gamboling merrily on the grass. Later on, if you are so inclined, you can visit restaurants, theatres and nightclubs—they are all close to your hotel, and provide good food and entertainment. You say you like seeing how the people live? That is easily arranged; just follow me. This is one of our finest residential districts; note the gracious houses, spacious lawns and lovely old trees. You like children? Yes, those two are adorable. Now here is our business centre; on your right is 'Notae', one of our biggest stores, the store "that likes young people." It gives you a warm feeling to hear that? Oh, how nice. This is one of the poorer districts. You say your feet are hurting you, and you want to rest for a while? I thought you wanted to see how the people lived. Then come along. Yes, they are nasty little children. Of course, it is their fault that they are illegitimate, or that their mothers and fathers are illiterate, and so poor that they cannot afford proper clothes for them. That is not what you meant? Oh! I thought you said you liked children. You do? A man committed suicide in that room just above the "For Rent" sign over there. He was what is called a "drug addict", I believe. Yes, it is shameful. A little girl and her mother were killed just about where you are standing; the driver of the car never even looked back. Why are you crossing to the other side of the street? Oh, I see, a "nigger" is coming. Of course I understand, you have nothing against them personally, or Jews either—a very commendable attitude. Would you like to visit any of our hospitals? Directly ahead of us is the "Institute for the Mentally Retarded". You have actually seen one? Why did you call this person "it"? You do not know. I understand. What do you think of the war? We should blast all those dirty Communists? What happens to the defenceless women and children? They are all Communists too? But I thought you liked children. What does that have to do with it, you ask? I must apologize, I thought there was a slight discrepancy between your two statements. Oh, I "misunderstood" you—you like white, normal, well-fed children. Of course I do too. You say that all that "love your neighbour as yourself" stuff is fine up to a point, but you have to know where to draw the line? Where is that line? You have to go home now? You were wondering if I could take a picture of you in front of the "War Memorial Statue" to show to all your friends back home? I would be delighted. Did you enjoy the tour? You did. What did you like best, did you learn anything? You liked the bungalows along the lakeshore. You never realized what before? Oh, that the botanical gardens were so close to your hotel. Yes, the tour has ended.

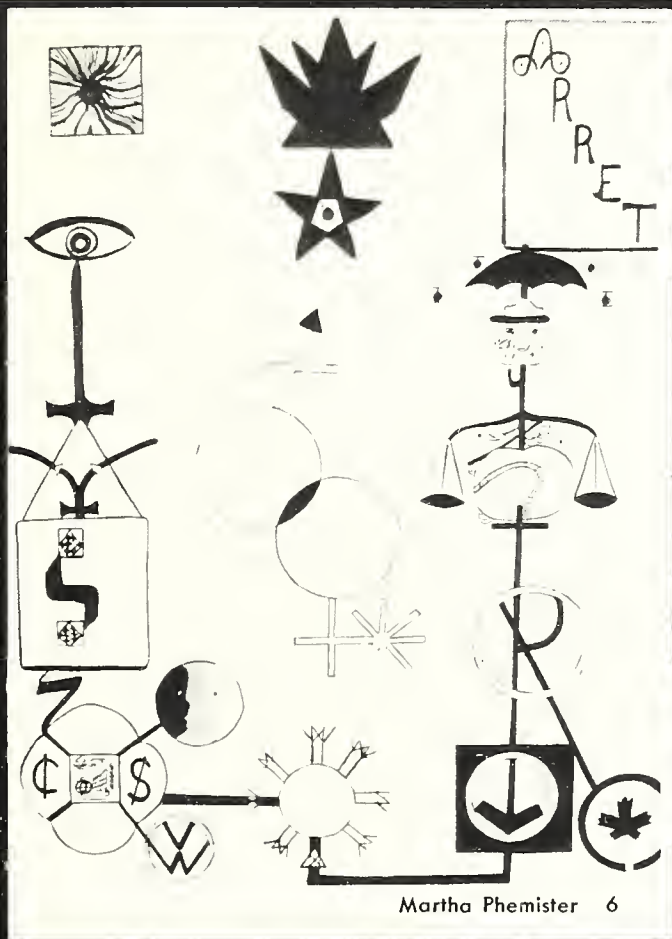
The unseen tourist could be anyone; Namuhtsuj could be any city in the world today. But this is our world, a man-made world. Man creates slums; he creates hypocrisy, and racial and creed prejudices. Through his own weakness, he becomes a hit-and-run driver, or maybe an alcoholic. Man instigates war; but war, not only between himself and others like him, but also within himself. Perhaps this is the key to the question. Mathew Prior once wrote: "Breathing is suffering." To live is invariably to suffer. Although the causes for suffering can be defined, and even accepted by some, the pain still continues. Each man is alone in his suffering. To one person, suffering might mean loneliness or despair, to another it could be starvation; to still another person, suffering might be being forced to stand and watch others suffer, and not being able to help. There are as many ways to suffer as there are people living.

Why must Man suffer?

Man must suffer because he is human.

GAIL LINGARD, *Sixth Form*

Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition  
Senior Prize (tied)



Martha Phemister 6



Judy Fisher 6



Anne Jahson U. 5



Leslie Gauld 6

## TIME FOR EVERYTHING

"To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven."

A man was born, and he lived as other men; only, he had a great love for the beauty of Life. He knew the days of rebirth, when the leaves budded red on the branches; and the days when winds were cool, and the leaves green about the grey pillars of the branches; and the days when a man lay free on the grass in the sun, and sunbeams flowed golden on the rich earth; and the fierce, glorious days of the brilliance of death; and the cold clear days of chill and bitter beauty, with trees starkly black and bare in the frost; and the days of rebirth again...

He had desires, and griefs, and joys like other men; and war came, and he fought, and feared, and hated like other men; and he lived and peace came, and he married, and had a son. In time, the man died, and as he died, he took the risk of joy, and made his choice; but this story is not concerned with that.

This could be the story of many men, and it is, while the world continues.

Now this is the manner of Life; there is a time for everything under the sun; and as all things will happen in time, there is time for everything. No haste exists, for in the river of Life, the little lives are nothing; Life is inexorable, natural, a multitudinous flow of Existence, coherent, powerful, and eternal. All things join the flood, and pass away, and join again.

"To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven."

Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition  
Junior Prize

MARGOT LOUIS, *Upper Forth*



JENNIFER GODDARD, *Lower III*

## THE KASTLES

The Kastles shine with glimmerous rays of green,  
And speed across and o'er the silvery scene.  
They turn, they eut, they edge, they dive, they pae,  
Then o'er and around the iew bumps they race.  
Behind by far are now the snowy trees,  
And in the clear they shoot with shaky knees.  
Not far ahead is a lurking stack of hay,  
And straight for it the Kastles make their way.  
The unexpected heap they spy with fear,  
Too late, they split and crack, with many a tear!

Mock Epic

GINNY RUSSEL, *Sixth Form*





S. LITTLE, *Upper IV*

## FAREWELL

"Parting and forgetting? What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our conscience-ness, will follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are, of their nature, divine and immortal.

Each one of us has experienced the agony and emptiness of parting many times – but what of those other instances which remain insignificant and which we ultimately forget? Those are the most regrettable of all. Life is people and we should take advantage of each person we chance to meet, for we may never see him again – or know him at all – That in itself is a pity.

Probably one of the most sorrowful things in life is the doubt in goodbyes. Goodbyes – we are not able to control. Leaving someone – we never know when, where, how, or saddest of all if we will encounter him once more.

It is with such deep regret that we look back on those times when we hastily said cruel, hateful things to someone, walked away, not turning back once because of pride and soon finding we will never see him again. How painful it is when these 'truth' we declare are said instantaneously, and then – we never have the opportunity to explain that they weren't really true at all.

Is to part, to die a little? When we give of ourselves – of our mind to anyone, he becomes a part of us and we remember him. Remembering is one of the true joys of human beings – so if we do separate and go in our diverse directions, is that any reason to forget? It is a pity to forget when there is so much to think, see, and understand about each individual. Better to remember and be sad than to forget and have nothing.

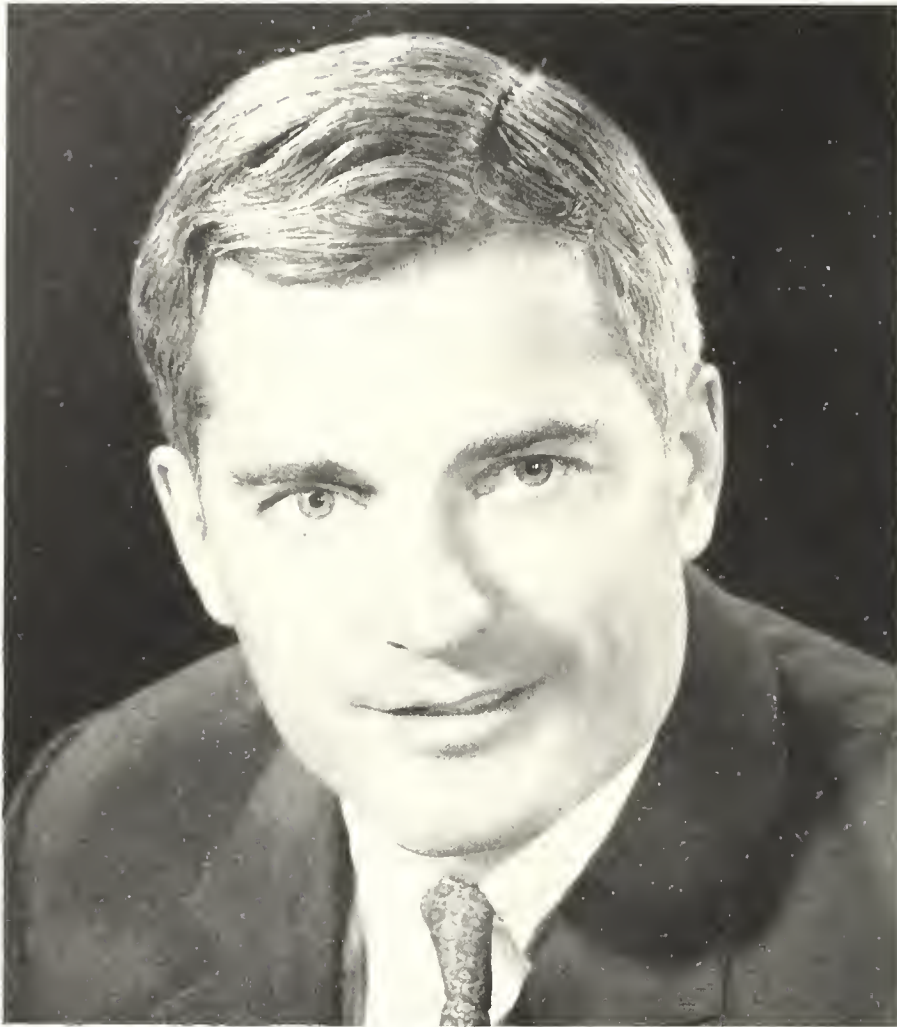
The real agony of goodbye, even if not forever, is the fact that we know – should we meet again someday – it will never be the same. We are told that we must learn to accept the constant changes of the world and the people in it, but we are all dreamers and we often depend on the wild fantasies of our minds to keep hope within us. Of course, this is false hope, but isn't that sometimes better than no hope at all? We should be realistic and understand that nothing can ever be the same – but know too that we will always dream of such things.

Must there always be unhappiness and despair in the word 'farewell'? Isn't there also glory in it? If we have the opportunity to cross paths again, we will be fuller people with new ideas, new beliefs and possibly new feelings. There will be vast plains of our minds which we will have never perceived before, and will now have a chance to venture through. But if goodbye is for all time we can remember the person for what he was – good or bad he will remain unchanged in our minds. He will not age, nor will he alter in character. For this we can appreciate just having known him. There is a bright side to everything, even 'farewell' – we must simply search harder at times, that is all we can do.

At the time, we will ever feel a sensation of sorrow, anguish and regret in parting, and nothing can appease this for us. But if we don't experience the sorrow in 'farewell', we can never hope to know the joy in 'hello'.

"I have no parting sigh to give, so take my parting smile."

ANNE COMMON, *Upper Fifth*.  
Public Speaking Competition.



THE HONORABLE JOHN N. TURNER, M. P.

Centennial year is here! Expo 67, our spectacular world exhibition, presents Canada as a dynamic and creative nation deserving the respect and admiration of the nations of the world.

As a centennial project, the Editor, Julia Keefer and Jody Allison of Lower Canada College interviewed the Honorable John N. Turner, Registrar General, in order to obtain some insight into the problems which face our country after the first hundred years. We chose this prominent cabinet minister because he is known to be very much aware of the opinion and power of youth. With the assistance of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Youth Council the interview was taped in the House of Commons on March 20th and later broadcasted on the Trans Canada Network by the C.B.C.

Q. *Do you believe that a strong central government is the key to Canadian unity?*

A. Yes. I believe that a strong central government is the only vehicle that will psychologically center the focus of the attention of Canada as a nation and it is the only vehicle that will establish for us national goals.

Q. *In his book, "Quebec—Equality or Independence?" Premier Johnson says that the French Canadian nation must eventually be given all the power it needs to take its destiny into its own hands. The question is this: Would the Quebec to which Mr. Johnson aspires be compatible with the type of Canada you envisage?*

A. Well, it's a little hard in reading that book written by Mr. Johnson before he became Premier... If he means an associate status for Quebec then yes, I believe that would ultimately result in separatism. But I'm not so sure anyone really knows what he means by that book.

Q. *Mr. Turner, it is quite evident that the House of Commons has not been going through its best phase in recent years. To what extent has this state of affairs resulted from Parliament's failure to reform itself?*

A. A good deal. The parliamentary machinery today is not geared in a streamlined way to respond to some of the urgent needs of the country. The rules I think should be amended are to bring the debate to a close after all points of view have been made and after everyone has had a legitimate opportunity to be heard. I think we're going to have to continue to strengthen the committee system... The fact that no party has been able to get a majority government and the fact that of the last 5 parliaments 4 have been minority parliaments shows that the regional influence in Canada has infected parliament as well so that parliament really reflects the lack of unity in the country. So until we get a strong national focus again in Ottawa, with a majority parliament, with a majority government, not that that will solve all the problems, I think we will continue to have protracted debates.

Q. *... You have said that it is the Government's duty to set national goals but it seems to be the consensus that we do not have national goals, that we do not know what type of a nation Canada wants to be. Is this true?*

A. I think we have been less than articulate over the last hundred years but I sense now particularly in your generation and in those students who are in university a growing ability to articulate what they want Canada to be. So I think it will be more and more necessary for the Federal Government to respond to that articulation.

Q. *Would you like to see the Prime Minister and Cabinet Ministers fulfill their roles more as public educators?*

A. Yes. You know 50% of politics is show business. I think that members of the government and parliament ought to consider it part of their duty to communicate directly with the people. Now that you have the immediacy of radio and television there is no excuse for not communicating...

Q. *I'd like to ask you about Canada's youth for a moment because one half of our population is under 25. Today's young people are tremendously aware of the present crises in politics, morals and world affairs... They would like the Prime Minister of Canada to be a leader... to put through new political programs. Would you like to comment on this?*

A. Young people must realize that a lot of things are being decided right now in parliament and in the provincial capitals that will decide their future. Since their future concerns them, they should mobilize in order to participate in the making of those decisions. Nobody has the right to criticize who doesn't participate. I think today that younger people want frankness; they don't want any shilly-shallying; they want the goals expressed in clear terms. They want new structures... They want to rebuild institutions to respond to current modern problems. I think they want a bit of flair and style and dash too. If it's going to happen, I think young people are going to have to become part of the decision-making process.

Q. *I agree with your ideas about young people, but what about the role of Prime Minister?*

A. The role of Prime Minister can be very important. In fact, with radio and television he can be almost presidential in his power. We do have what has been called a personality cult of the direct liaison between the Prime Minister and the people. But the Prime Minister isn't God—he's flesh and blood and he has all the human weaknesses and strengths the rest of us have. And because this is a difficult country to govern—we have two languages, two cultures, a mosaic of people—you're not going to get the clear statement of purpose you might get in the United States... Anybody who has a responsibility for taking a decision in Canada must instinctively think: "How would that work in Quebec? How would that work in British Columbia?"...

Q. *Tell me, Mr. Turner, do you have any leadership aspirations?*

A. Well, I'm perfectly happy trying to perform my own duties.

Q. *I understand that, but would you like to be Prime Minister sometime in the future?*

A. In life and particularly in politics you will find that about 90% of the decisions you have to make are outside your own control.

JULIA KEEFER, *Sixth Form*

## HOW A DESERT BECAME A DESERT, AND WHY HORSES ARE NEVER ALL WHITE

Once upon a time there was a horse called Andromeda. She was pure white. At that time there were quite a few dragons.

Now there was a dragon called Pluto. He liked to burn villages, so Andromeda had to go and destroy him.

So one day she set out on a long journey to find Pluto. At last she spotted him. He was in a cave in the land of King Saturn (the bravest man in the world).

So she started the battle. The dragon was only a baby, but weighed about fifty tons, so it was a very hard fight. The dragon burned all the trees and made all the water disappear, and all the grass was burnt so that the ground turned to sand, and that is how a desert became a desert.

Andromeda was burnt by the dragon, and was not white anymore, and that is why most horses are not pure white.

Well, on with the fight:

After two hours of fighting she won. But she was not happy because she was not pure white anymore. But that could not be helped, so Andromeda went away and lived happily ever after.

JANE YUILE, *Lower Third*

## L'EXPOSITION DE CHIENS

L'été passé je suis allée à l'exposition de chiens à Ottawa avec ma famille. Il faisait beau avec beaucoup de soleil. Il y avait deux cents chiens de toutes sortes. Madame Vanier était là pour donner les rubans aux personnes qui sont entrées dans la parade de champions. Je suis entrée avec mon chien et elle m'a donné une rosette verte qui est très grande. Il y a dix chiens dans la famille.

by CYNTHIA REID, *Upper A*

## NIDA, THE POOR GIRL

On the island of Montreal, which is in Quebec, lived a very poor family. There were three people in the family; Mr. and Mrs. Karla and their daughter Nida. They lived in a very small shack with one sofa, and one wood stove. There was a forest near the shack, and Mr. Karla went there every day for firewood. The furniture had been given to the family by a "Give to the Poor" fund.

Nida did not go to school, and every day she played with her friends and helped her parents. Her father was looking desperately for a job. As for food – they often had to do without food for about three days. But, sometimes mothers with enough money would see Nida playing and would give her food that would last them one meal, but the Karla's would make it into three or four meals. Sometimes a fund would send in enough food for about a week. For clothes, they each had one pair of shoes and socks, and one set of underwear. Mrs. Karla and Nida each had a dress, and Mr. Karla had one shirt and one pair of trousers. For winter, they each had one warm jacket and one pair of warm trousers. Every nine years they received another second-hand set of clothes. One day there was a knock at the door and in came a man with a very serious face. Everyone sat down silently and the man said, "I'm Mr. Williams, and our committee feels that your daughter should attend school. Every day at school she will receive a glass of milk, and money to get home that day, and also to get to school the next day. Will we expect Nida tomorrow?"

All this time the Karla family was staring at Mr. Williams with their mouths wide open. When they were asked the question Mr. Karla said, "Yes, we would love to have our daughter educated. Thank you very much." So, the next day Nida went to school and nearly every day when she came home, she would teach her parents what she had learned in school.

ANDREA PATCH, *Upper A*





## ODE TO THE WIND

Often you followed me  
In the heat of a summer's day;  
Your head was bowed, your eyes had a furtive look,  
And you caressed me gently, then sauntered off  
Somewhere – perhaps into the woods, who knows?  
You sang to me  
Ballads of far distant lands,  
Or songs of terrible melancholy;  
Your voice quivered in the chimeric gloom,  
And I was bewitched, mesmerized.  
Ah, my gipsy friend,  
Why do you soar with the turtle clouds?  
Sweet vagabond in tattered silk –  
Often you are touched with winter's inherent madness.  
Sometimes at the end of a dusty dawn  
You walked slowly into the room  
And stood wondering at the shadows  
Of the moon barred across my ceiling,  
While morning brought the dew  
And my dreams left,  
You muttered something,  
O poet of loneliness...

EDITH BOTTOMLEY, *Middle Fifth*

## THE MAGIC CARPET

A man and his wife had a magic carpet and when they died they gave it to their son. When he saw a princess, he soon forgot about it. It was the day the tax-collectors came when he brushed the rug and sang:

“I want a house of gold, sir,  
If I may be so bold, sir;  
And gold piles in the house,  
So much richer than a mouse.”

Immediately it happened and he had a lovely suit of clothes. He was very bewildered but soon remembered the carpet. When the tax-collectors left they told the king of the rich man, who wanted to marry the princess.

“He lives here – Yes, where the beggar used to live,” the king said. He remembered the magic carpet and wished he had it. So the tax-collectors said they would take it to him.

Meanwhile, Philip wished;

“A horse I would like so much faster than a bike.

Very, very frightening, faster than lightning.”

That night, the tax men took the carpet. But Philip was very crafty, for as soon as he saw the princess and the king, he said:

“Marry me, quick as a bee.”

So, she had to, but she found out that he was very kind and she liked him.

POLLY CARTER, *Lower A*



YES, I STUDIED ALL NIGHT.  
WHY DO YOU ASK?

D. MATHESON, *Upper IV*



WAS THAT THE FIRST WARNING BELL,  
THE FIRST BELL, OR THE SECOND BELL?

A. KNIGHT, *Lower V*

## THE CLOCK TELLS

Under the cement January skies, with low cloud puffs drifting by,  
The night rolls on and the thoughts swing back and forth –  
An image passes with the turning of my head, or appears with a sigh, and  
Apartment houses rear their massive heads to the impenetrable sky.  
Hours of the day, and the days of the weeks, in retrospect.  
Flash-back memories, a future of uncertainty,  
What shall be, shall be for the best,  
If only we could turn the arms on the clock of Time to our advantage.  
With each jerk of the wall-dial's hands, a minute passes,  
A minute taken, used well or poorly, but used;  
A minute irretrievable, possessed by each one and standing, 'for himself  
A single incident comprised of sixty seconds,  
All wound into Time's web of a Man  
And why he is what he is – due to a minute?  
Past is solidified, yet future floats, mirage-like, hazy  
In the gloom lowered by Space, on the horizon.  
We vainly try to arrange the clouds forming there  
To joys, erasing pain and care and setting up a pattern  
Only to have it broken by the passing hours' rain  
To see new cloud-shapes form, the remnants of the old used up  
In the creation of the second set.  
They surround us, infiltrate our beings, change, mould, decay, destroy  
Then slip unnoticed by –  
Still we pursue the future, until, pensive for a while,  
With a cry we turn–: they've passed with the night's shadow–  
They, which for so long, held our hopes and interest,  
Fled with the dark mantle, chased out by newer skies.  
This is winter, chill, bleak, barren and beautiful;  
Must pain be trapped in every stone of every brick-walled house?  
Again I fight and again, head lowered by the inward pull, I submit.

by SARAH LARRATT SMITH, *Upper V*



## AND TO THINK THAT I SAW IT ON SHERBROOKE STREET

The woman sat at her bridge club meeting, enthralled, as the others were, in the interesting conversation at hand.

"And to think that I saw it on Sherbrooke Street..."

The mere thought of a young man prancing down the wintry sidewalks with a beautiful girl in his arms was completely beyond them...

He felt like a king carrying his Cinderella. They floated along the street, and for them no one else existed. She flung her head back as far as she could, seeing roses in all that came into view. She had found her knight in shining armour. He ran with his heart in the clouds and in his arms, whisking past the shoppers who stared at them in amazement. They couldn't have been less interested in what other people thought of their unusual behavior—but they knew they were deeply in love, which was all that counted. Their faces shone radiantly....."you are two very lucky and graced human beings. Love is an unsurpassable thing." That is what the minister had said—they could still see his face smiling down on them.

"How are you, future Mrs. Kelly? I love you." said the boy.

"I love you, Mr. Kelly; that answers both questions", replied the girl.

The snowflakes danced. They know when two people are in love. It makes them overjoyed, as they sweep past buildings and lick the carpeted sidewalks. It was as though they all knew and understood the love they felt: the snowflakes, the sidewalks, even the street lights which bent over from their lofty perches to bow and greet him and her as they twirled by, following the path of the carpet, unrolled before them. Yes, of course, they all knew.

"...making fools of themselves like that. It is disgraceful. And of all the places to do it. Running down a busy street in public..." Mrs. Percy and the other members of the bridge club discussed the story, completely forgetting the main purpose of their getting together. "...behavior like that was simply uncalled for, under any circumstances."

"Well, I wish I could have been there to see it with my own eyes."

Lynn Percy and Steve Kelly strolled along the ridge hand in hand, heart in heart. She stopped, pointed – he laughed and chuckled her cleft chin. (She had always felt, for some reason that a cleft chin was a manly trait.)

"That is the church we went to yesterday, isn't it? I know why you were running – the sooner you put me down the better. Your arms are a few inches longer today and I detect a creak in your neck." She laughed uncontrollably into his warm sheep-skin jacket, as he threw his head back in gales of laughter, ruffling her raven hair. With her deep russet eyes, she glanced at the second hand diamond on the fourth finger of her left hand—that which signified the greatest event in her life. She looked up into his grey eyes – at the one with whom she now belonged.

"By the way, June, how is your daughter? The last time I heard, Marsha Kelly's son has been taking her out for some time."

"Yes. They have been seeing a great deal of each other. I am proud to say that they should be announcing their engagement fairly soon. Tuck and I are very pleased about it. Steve is a wonderful boy. It is a blessing to know that they are two level-headed youngsters. Can you picture *them* careening down Sherbrooke Street."

The other women congratulated Mrs. Percy while chuckling over that humorous impossibility. "Wouldn't that be a sight to behold." They continued to sip their tea, and finally resumed their unfinished game.

The neon signs blinked and the snow glistened as it fell from the violet cover above. Lynn led Steve by the hand as she raced through the glittering drifts to catch the ice-cream man.

...and to think that it happened on Sherbrooke Street.

ANNE COMMON, *Upper Fifth*

#### PIPE-SWINGING IN THE LOCKER-ROOM



#### HALLOWE'EN

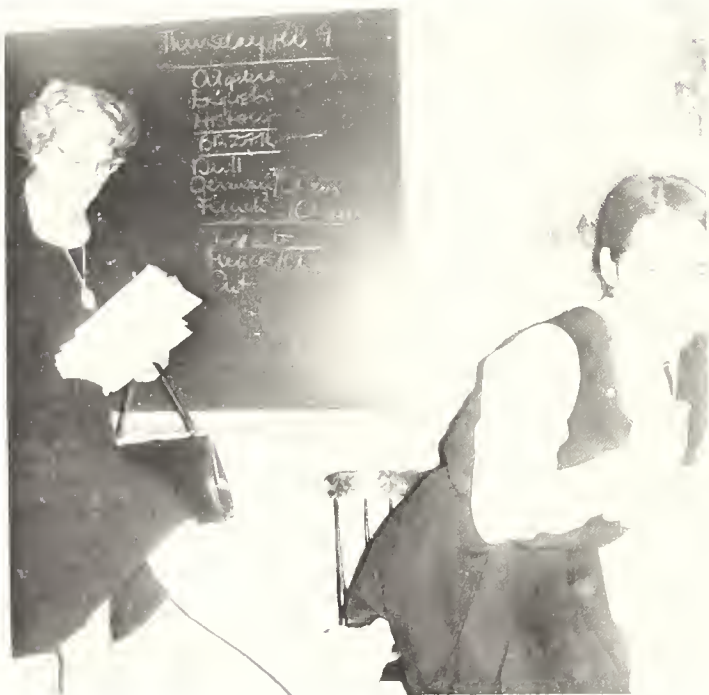
Hallowe'en is a frightening thing,  
With witches and spooks and ghosts;  
With their scary costumes and their frightening eyes,  
When they twinkle in the eerie black night.  
The children go out with running feet.  
They ring the doorbells and shout-  
Trick-or-treat.  
And Hallowe'en's happiness is all over the street.

BARBARA GODDARD, *Lower A*

#### THE DESERTED SEASHORE

The receding tide's waves lap the lonely seashore;  
As the last gull retreats to be seen no more  
Till Spring.  
I walk in bare feet along the tideline, and sigh  
As another wave comes in, and passes me by,  
Erasing my footprints as it goes.  
My heart aches for this deserted beach,  
Where young children shall no longer reach  
For conch shells, dried and bright,  
As the wind sweeps dead leaves out of sight.  
But now the breezes have died,  
And the leaves lie to be cried  
On, by me, as I wonder why  
No one loves this shore  
Anymore.  
I look up; the clouds are growing,  
And the sea's no longer flowing  
Gently; but the waves are crashing on the rocks.  
The air is humid and close,  
And as I turn 'round, my nose  
Picks up the smell of a thunderstorm.  
Suddenly; the skies break and the seashore is drenched.

LEIGH DAVIDSON, *Upper IV*





## LINES

I draw a line as straight as an arrow,  
It can pass through a gap that's ever so narrow,  
So I say to myself it's surely fine,  
When I can draw such a straight thin line.

D. PENTON, *Lower III*

The hollow, pleading eyes beg for pity, mercy and search my soul for its lost human spark. Indecision ruthlessly oppresses me and I waver in the agony of doubt. That sad, moaning voice reaches out to me in my dilemma, begging again and again for a mere pittance, but something we both honour and cherish. The cry of yearning and starvation pierces my barrier of cruelty and I hesitate again. A faint spark of hope flashes across the haggard countenance and with primitive instinct it tries to offer a token in return.

*Translation*

I'll give you two ritz and a social tea for your oreo.

DEBBIE MATHESON, *Upper IV*

## FOOD FOR ANIMALS

Growing wheat,  
Growing oats,  
Wonderful food to feed the goats.  
Growing barley;  
Growing hay,  
Happy food for a horse in the day.  
Seeds and bugs for the birds,  
Growing grass for the herds.  
Without any food,  
Poor children cry;  
So I must be lucky  
That I am I.

PATRICIA McMASTER, *Upper A*

She danced alone in the forest, full of Autumn's ecstasy; the trees were red-brown and gold for the anger of death. Wildly and freely she danced into life and out again, in the weaving steps of the dance of Pan. Sun rose and fell, moon shivered over her; but still she danced, into the half-light of dawn...

Autumn had changed to Winter when she came again to the dancing-place. In twilight she came, through the trees and the falling snow; but the sky soon cleared to night and cold-piercing with the joy of height. A crust formed on the snow, and the sky turned grey; but still she danced on, until the green light came into the eastern sky.

Then Pan came. Half-goat and half-human, his sharp hoofs piercing the ice-crust, Pan, god of life, death and wild ecstasy came, and vague horned shapes followed him. His face was dark, laughing, beautiful but very evil; and he was black-haired and horned. He cast no shadow, for in his existence he gathered light and darkness to himself.

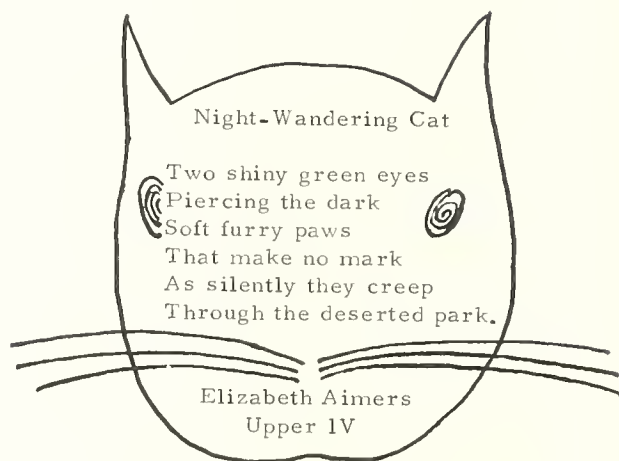
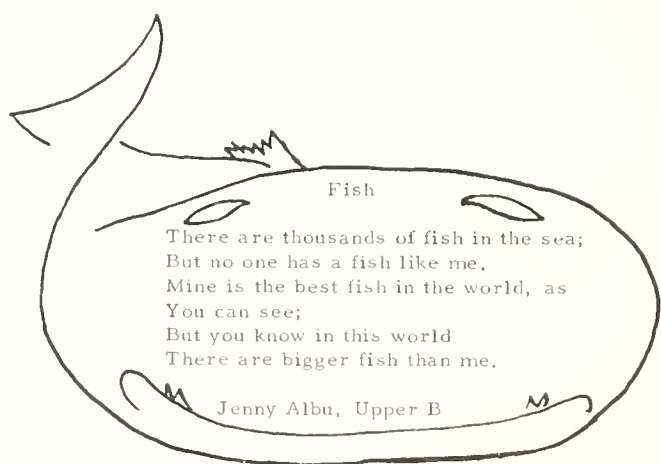
They danced together, swiftly, in pagan joy, until the trees about them merged into a riot of sensuous whiteness mingling with shadow; but then the sun rose, and they vanished into a deep cavern. There they will dance to the end of time.

MARGOT LOUIS, *Upper IV*

## DECEMBER IN THE CITY

A peaceful stillness, soft and white  
Soothes the city's harsh, black lines.  
As Christmas tree lights split the night,  
A solitary church bell chimes.  
Voices hang in frosty clouds.  
Sooty branches scrape the sky.  
Cars lie hidden under shrouds  
Of snow, and shoppers hurry by.  
The squeak of crisp snow as you walk.  
Or the gritty sound of sand,  
The squeals of children in the park.  
A bus ticket clutched in a small, red hand.

DEBBIE MATHESON, *Upper Fourth*



## WINTER WONDERS

The winter's draped the trees with snow,  
The lake is frozen, all aglow.  
Snow-capped mountains all around,  
Snow on bushes, and the ground!  
Ski trails from the very top,  
Always growing, never stop!  
Down, down the snow comes falling,  
Down it comes 'till spring comes calling.

JANE CALDER, *Upper A*

YES, AND I WASHED  
MY HANDS TOO!



JUST GOING OUT TO PLAY, MOM!



D. MATHESON, *Upper IV*

D. MATHESON, *Upper IV*

## ON A TOOTH

I am a tooth. I have lived in Mr. Edward G. Grumps' mouth for many years. Once I was young, but I am not anymore.

When I came up I was constantly being bothered by candies and bits of peas that got stuck between me and my neighbour. This didn't make my neighbour very happy as he didn't like me anyway. It all started when I first came up. When I peered my head through Gum, I saw Neighbour learning over me. As I worked my way up through Gum, I had to push Neighbour out of the way. He didn't like that too much, and ever since we have been on bad terms.

From my place in Mr. Grumps' mouth I could see all the actions of nearly everyone. It was amusing to watch Sour Taste Bud squirm and wrench every time Mr. Grumps had a bite of lemon, or watch Sweet Taste Bud giggle and gurgle every time he touched sugar. I was especially amused watching Tongue get stuck onto Roof, every time Mr. Grumps had some peanut butter, which was quite often. It took him a better part of a minute to free himself.

Each morning I was tickled by bristles of plastic and a foamy paste that made me feel fresh and clean. This was a joy as it usually removed those annoying sugar molecules that created holes in my cracks. The holes caused me to have my body poked at with some needle from outside, and perhaps a drill. Then I would see a hairy finger as silver was stuffed into me. This was a very painful process.

All during the day, Epiglottis, Tongue and Lips were constantly moving and noises came from Throat that were quite amusing to listen to. However, on occasion the noises did not seem to be as amusing because it would be so loud that I would vibrate and I would clash against the other fellows, and would feel rather sea-sick.

The times that I had these wrecking days I would have equally wrecking nights. I was ground against the other chaps. We scraped tops and lost enamel, and our grip on Gum was loosening.

But those days are over now. I have lost most of my neighbours, and I feel dry a lot of the time. I am brown and filled through and through with silver, and I am never relieved of those annoying sugar molecules anymore. I am slowly losing my grip on Gum, because he is getting soft and white. I am old. Soon I'll be done for.

JENNIFER COLBY *Middle Fifth*



## A MILKY PALL WAS DRAWN

A milky pall was drawn  
Over the barren plain  
Of dusky day, luminous grey  
With misty half-formed rain,  
While a brown, bare, quiet lawn  
Lay free of conscious chain.  
The calm of sand alone  
Is silence absolute;  
Over the earth, where there is dearth  
Of life, the same is mute,  
As in the sun's translucent cone  
Where shrills the unheard flute.

by MARGO LOUIS *Upper Fourth*

## THE ADVENTURE OF WHITE STAR.

White Star was a beautiful horse. He was an only child and his mother and father loved him more than anything else in the world. One day they moved to a huge pasture. White Star liked this because there was another young horse living in the pasture. His name was Dusty. Every day they played together. Now, Dusty only had a father and he did not like his father, so he and White Star decided to run away. But, White Star would never be happy without his dear father and mother, so they decided to take them too. And if you look up in the sky, you can see them prancing through the air; especially White Star and his dear father and mother.

CELIA RHEA, *Upper B.*

## A SNOWY DAY.

It was a snowy day and the sun was peeping through the blue sky. The big tall and wide mountains were covered with a thick blanket of cold white snow. The lake there was blue and the water spread far and wide. There was a dark and quiet wood nearby. It looked so lonely. The sun was making the lake sparkle like sequins on a ballet costume. A light, cool, young, lively breeze was there making the trees shiver and shake. The mountains touched the sky. The animals were hibernating and dreaming that spring would soon be here.

PATRICIA McMASTER, *Upper A.*



A. KNIGHT, *Lower V*



# *School Life*





## SPORTS NOTES:

This year we have been very fortunate in having Mrs. Greer-Wootten as our gym mistress. Her energy and ability to organize have made drill and games lively—and exhausting!

The last event of the summer term was Sports Day. Beta Lambda carried off the silverware after a close battle with Kappa Rho.

The tennis competition at the Mount Royal Tennis Club opened the season this year and with our two teams, we won the cup from the defending champions, Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's. This was just the beginning of a very successful year for the Study.

Next came the basketball season. This sport was the best supported activity all year. Mascots, cheers and overwhelming turnouts confirmed the Study's passion for basketball. It is no wonder that rigorous training and basketball practices occupied the better half of the year! All three teams won, the first team defending the cup and the second team winning against the defendants, Miss Edgar's.

House spirit also proved keen in two interhouse competitions after Christmas. Delta Beta won the basketball match and Kappa Rho became the champion in volleyball.

The ski meet was held at Avila Ski Centre in the Laurentians in the middle of March. Even though we did not have a ski coach, both our senior and junior teams did extremely well, some of our star skiers placing in the first ten positions. However, Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's, with the help of Di Culver, took home both the junior and senior shields.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the girls whose fine efforts have made this year's successes possible. I would also like to thank Mrs. Greer-Wootten for the help and encouragement she has given us.

GINNY RUSSELL *Games Captain*





*First Basketball Team—Bockrow: Nancy Savage, Cynthia Owens, Sally Shorp, Ginny Russel (captain), Christine Curry, Shirley Dillingham, Gail Lingard. Front Row: Julia Case, Katie Mochnnes.*



*Second Basketball Team—Bockrow: Caroline Kerrigan, Amonda Shoughnessy, Carol Norsworthy, Kathy Stewart, Susan MacKenzie, Martho Howlett. Front row: Caroline Stephens, Gail Murphy (captain), Jane Stikemon.*



*Third Basketball Team-Backrow: Beth Lewis, Jennifer Calby, Virginia Marse, Ruth Tait, Sandra Lingard. Frant row, sitting: Nathaly Vaiekoff, Anne Common (captain), Jeon Simar.*



*Tennis Team-left to right: Amonda Shoughnessy, Ginny Russel, Sally Sharp, Kathy Stewart.*





*Senior Ski Team—Standing: Caralyn Kerrigan, Martha Hawlett, Amanda Shaughnessy. Sitting: Caroline Stephens, Ginny Russel.*



*Junior Ski Team—Standing: Tara Shaughnessy, Roxanne Shaughnessy, Sitting: Margaret DeJang. Sitting: Paddy MacKenzie.*



CHILDREN AND THEIR TUTORS AT THE STUDY CENTRE



## THE FEDERATION OF HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

The size and number of projects which a single high school can undertake is small but the scope of a union of several high schools is almost unlimited. This was the reason for the founding of the Federation of High School Students last year. As its name suggests the Federation is a student group. Its executive is composed of two student representatives from each member school and its membership includes every high school student of these schools.

This year membership has grown to include seven schools (Miss Edgar's, Lower Canada College, Sacred Heart, St. George's, The Study, Trafalgar and Weston) and the Federation has proven its worth. It has become an active body with concrete achievements behind it. The greatest of these was the starting of the "Study Centre"—a tutorial program, which ran from January to May. Senior students from the Federation schools gave up one afternoon a week to tutor culturally deprived Grade Three children from Royal Arthur School. This program was very successful and will continue next fall.

The Federation also sponsored two parties for underprivileged children, one at the Negro Community Centre at Christmas and one at the University Settlement at Easter. Again, both parties were organized and run completely by Federation high school students and both were outstanding successes. The Federation sponsored a mammoth trip to Expo in May. It has also sent out a newsletter, sponsored debates and inter-school games and held dances to raise funds. At the moment the provincial government is considering our application for a charter. If we get it we will probably be the first chartered high-school group in North America.

This is just the beginning. If the Federation is to continue to grow and if it is to be a long term success each student must stand behind his representatives and express, through them, an active interest in his Federation.

JULIE CASE *Sixth Form*



## CHARITIES

It seems as if all we have done this year is badger, needle, nag and pester you. But even though we do grumble and complain incessantly, we would like to thank you as you have been very generous, not only with your money, but with your time, effort, buttons, bobby pins, and other collection items.

On Oct. 20 the Bazaar was held, in which we collected a little over \$2000, which was given to the Canadian Save The Children Fund for their work in Africa and to Cystic Fibrosis Foundation to aid their research program in finding the cause of this terrible child killer. We also collected money to support the Red Feather Campaign and the Combined Health Appeal.

Besides this, we again supported our two main charities: our foster children and the Patricia Drummond Cot. Kim Shin Myung and Bruna Vittorini each received \$60 to help their families and for a Christmas gift they each received another \$25. Again this year we have been able to keep up a regular correspondence with them, and just recently the Lower A's made scrapbooks about Montreal, Canada and Expo, which were sent to them.

In February some of the students of the upper three classes went on a tour of the children's hospital where we saw the plaque commemorating Patricia Drummond and found out how our money was being used. We collected \$150, which we gave to the hospital to help them in further research and to help support the Cot.

A penny drive was successfully held for the first time in over fifteen years, and by this we collected over 25,000 pennies (\$250 for those who aren't too good in math) which we added to our treasury and are using to support several other Canadian charities.

JENNIFER HILL, KATIE MacINNES (*School Treasurers*)





LOWER V PRODUCED "THE RIVALS" UNDER MRS. FRUEH'S DIRECTION



## STAFF NOTES.

Mrs. Ronsley, who worked so smoothly and determinedly with the lower B's this year, will be moving to the United States. Not only her own forms but all the students who know Mrs. Ronsley are sad to see her go but wish her great success.

Miss Panet-Raymond has been studying in Paris this year, Miss Perkin will be receiving her Masters in History from McGill next year, and Mrs. Scott will be taking off a day before school closes to attend her graduation from Brown University with her Masters in Science.

Mrs. Freuh receives a medal of honor for courage and bravery in the unrelentless battle against chaotic libraries. In addition to all the time she has put into the complete recataloging professionally, of our school library, Mrs. Freuh has helped with Middle School drama projects and taught English, Latin, and Scripture.

Mr. Riddell has shown music classes what enthusiasm, concentration, hard work and a professional musician and choir leader can do for a large group of very unprofessional voices. He has devoted precious extra time to Glee club practices, the Christmas concert, and the closing service. This year the upper school was given the opportunity sing at the Erskine American Church on Sunday the seventh of May. Appreciation can best be expressed by a sincere "Thank you" from all of us.

ANNE COMMON





## LOWER SCHOOL

Back Row: Katherine Munro, Cynthia Reid, Jill Ronsley, Julia Creighton, Jane Calder, Cathy Oliver, Karen Stacey, Pamela Gilbert, Andrea Patch, Patricia McMaster, Carole Lennard. Second from back: Kate DeJong, Katie Willis O'Connor, Polly Carter, Janet Casey, Stephanie Metrakos, Marion Mitchell, Katie Dingle, Peggy Hallward, Wendy Benson, Anne Sutherland, Anita Isaacs, Lisa Pacun. Third from back: Liza Henderson, Kathy Elder, Fiona Farrell, Nadia Scarlat, Diane Peirce, Anne Seymour, Jennifer Merrick, Wendy Whittall, Susan Jane Schwob, Debbie Oates, Jane Fontein, Barbara Goddard, Selina Stewart, Elizabeth Shaver. Fourth from back: Eva Vavruska, Jane Roper, Faith Hallward, Margaret McCallum, Sara Carr, Jennifer Everson, Alison Gilbert, Susan Hyde, Alexandra Reade, Robin Rapoport, Heather Pangman, Diane Beardmore, Sandra DeJong, Barbara Oliver. Fifth from back: Cheryl Fleming, Shona Singh, Anna Dennis, Carolyn Everson, Tara Stoker, Sidney Fisher, Pamela Carter, Louisa Oates, Susan Wrigley, Sylvia Stanger, Heather Frosst, Diana Stevenson, Jackie Newcomb, Cindy Birks. Front Row: Celia Rhea, Jennie Albu, Susan Scholes, Willa Farrell, Margot Walls, Susan Norsworthy, Jill Hugessen, Stephanie Isaacs, Diana Durnford.

## LOWER SCHOOL LIFE

School life can certainly not be complete without mention of the plays, concerts and diversified activities of the Lower School.

At the Christmas concert the Lower Forms again entertained us with a lively performance of songs and plays. Upper A performed an Indian play and the A forms gave us a new version of the story of the Nativity.

During the year Upper A presented their own puppet show. The Sixth Form gave the Lower School a Valentine's party which was enjoyed by all.

This year the Lower School has exhibited their interest in the world around them in an expedition to the Redpath Museum. Their excitement over Expo has become evident lately as one can tell by the large bright posters decorating their form rooms.

WENDY HAMPSON



*Beta Lambda: Back-row: Nancy Savage, Amonda Shoughnessy, Carol Norsworthy, Ginny Russel, Ann Norsworthy, Shirley Dillingham, Ann Common, Denise Grossman. Fourth Row: Meredith Thompson, Carolyn Kerrigan, Gail Murphy, Roxane Shaughnessy, Ann Yuile, Suson MacKenzie. Third row: Mortha Gunn, Dophne MacLeon, Matholy Voiekoff, Virginia Morse, Julia Harris, Gail Johnston, Gail Honnaford. Second row: Louise Morkus, Margaret Willis O'Connor, Tara Shaughnessy, Ruth Toit, Solly Morgon-Grenville, Rasolie Sobler, Lucy Kerrigon, Penny Ronkin. Front row: Carrie McDougoll, Ruth Camman, Jill Morton, Deborah Penton, Heather Ratcliff, Sondy McDougoll, Poddy MacKenzie, Jane Yuile, Lucy Fantein. Absent: Nino Fiolkowski, Di Common, Di Cottingham.*

# BETA LAMBDA-1966-67

House Mistresses .....	Mrs. Reiffenstein, Mrs. Singh
Head .....	Nancy Savage
Sub-head .....	Ginny Russel
Games Captain .....	Ginny Russel

Now the year has ended and it's time to reminisce,  
 We bring to mind some pleasant things, and some we'd rather miss,  
 The rules, returns, and house points off are of the latter sort,  
 But then of course we won't forget the excellents and sport.  
 While thinking of the weeks gone by, we still most strongly feel,  
 That excellents are all we need, and then the rest's a 'steal'.  
 We're not as bad at losing points as others we could name,  
 And so in gaining points through work we'll surely come to fame.  
 In this respect we must be thanking Carolyn and Gunn,  
 Along with Tait and Sandy, for the excellents they won,  
 And also thanks must go to Mrs. Reiffenstein and Singh,  
 For all their help and firm support in almost everything.  
 And we remember also our triumphant lead in sports,  
 For we have played successfully in games of many sorts,  
 And though we didn't win them all, we really did our best,  
 And as a team provided competition for the rest.  
 Most important, we remember all the fun we've had,  
 In working on together through the good times and the bad,  
 And, just before this poem ends we'd thank both large and small,  
 For even if we lose, we're the greatest house of all!

Good luck in everything next year . . . Yeah B.L.!

NANCY SAVAGE, GINNY RUSSEL.





*Delta Beta-Back row: Leslie Gould, Gail Lingard, Cynthia Owens, Christine Curry, Jennifer Hill, Mary Lyman, Sara Larrott Smith, Judy Fisher. Fourth row: Sandra Lingard, Ann Lamant, Kathy Gould, Ann Ray, Debbie Casey, Manica Keatar, Gillian Creasar, Judy Wingham. Third row: Amanda Fisher, Phyllis Montgomery, Rasanne Simard, Diana Lafleur, Elizabeth Aimers, Margaret DeJang, Debbie Carter, Beth Lewis, Lynn Birks. Second row: Diane Allison, Jane MacDonald, Catherine McKinnan, Daphne DeJang, Jane Skeltan. First Row: Debbie Baxter, Jennifer Gaddard, Mally Daheny, Daane Patch, Jessie Durnford, Annette Nicholsan, Julia Fisher, Mary Baswell, Christine McKinnan. Absent: Evelyn Durnford, Barbara Greenwood, Kathleen Kirkpatrick.*

## DELTA BETA

House Mistresses .....	Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Frueh
Head.....	Mary Lyman
Sub-heads.....	Chris Curry, Leslie Gould
Games Captain .....	Cindy Owens

Oh smiling Muses Mrs. Scott and Frueh  
 Who guided us to victory.  
 Accept the thanks and gratitude  
 From Delta Beta's multitude.  
 So now begins our tale of strife  
 In which we fought with loss of life.  
 Our trek into the Underworld,  
 Obscured by sights of gum being hurled,  
 Was menaced by rules galore  
 Until from Mary came a roar.  
 "There's no excuse for this you know,  
 For Lower Fifth, our total's low.  
 Returns, detentions, house points off  
 Are surely nails into our coffin (in.)  
 And chats by Upper Five each week  
 Have put a blush upon our cheek.  
 In volleyball against our foe,  
 Our house was slain by Kappa Rho.

But then our fortunes took a turn  
 And Cindy, looking with concern  
 Began to form a battle line,  
 And cried, "Aha, this is our time"  
 In basketball that very day,  
 Di S. forged on our foes to slay.  
 Then Lower Third took up the cry,  
 "Five excellents" quoth each, "have I"  
 With Jennifer, and Barb, and Doone  
 Our house the best was to be soon.  
 To all of those who came this year,  
 And helped us conquer all our fear.  
 To Phyllis, Anne, and Patsy too,  
 To Gill, our many thanks to you.  
 And now as guardians of D. B.,  
 We hope that next year there will be  
 The same great spirit and good will  
 That made this year so wonderfill.

MARY LYMAN  
 CHRIS CURRY  
 LESLIE GOULD



*Kappa Rho-Back row: Ellen Harner, Martha Phemister, Audrey Keyes, Penny Packard, Katie MacInnes, Julia Case, Rabin Knight. Fourth row: Diana Harwood, Jean Simar, Debbie Dixon, Sandra Laurie, Madie Rider, Penny Smith, Jennifer Calby, Caraline Stephens. Third row: Sylvia Little, Andrea Knight, Simone Paatmans, Elizabeth Slaughter, Andrea Capping, Anne Nercessian, Penny Park, Susan Cape. Second row: Suzanne Oates, Virginia Dixon, Elizabeth McMaster, Debby Savage, Sarah Tabias, Jill McMaster, Carol Beardmore, Alisan Galt. Front row: Jane Bourke, Carolyn Murphy, Terry Gentles, Deirdre Demers, Margaret Hampson, Ann MacTavish, Mary Thornton, Connie Eversan, Diana Wickham, Wendy Gaadall. Absent: Mary Anne Ferguson, Marianne McKenna, Barbara Tennant, Danielle Verpaelt.*

## KAPPA RHO

House Mistresses .....	Mme Perera, Mrs. Willmott
House Head .....	Julia Case
Sub-head .....	Katie MacInnes
Games Captain .....	Penny Packard

There is a secret hidden here:  
 We are the greatest house this year!  
 You may cry hypocrite or liar,  
 But our spirit's piled higher.  
 Julie and Kate's unfortunate fate  
 Was to lead you on through rule and late.  
 Many returns have been our bent,  
 But seldom came the excellent.  
 Penny helped you win it all  
 From climbing ropes to volleyball.  
 To many we owe a hearty thanks -  
 In lines poetic we've drawn blanks.  
 Madame Perera and Mrs. Willmott  
 Have certainly helped us along a lot.  
 We couldn't survive without Di Wickham,  
 With her and others we're sure to lick 'em.  
 Fear not, fear not dear Kappa Rho.  
 For we are sure you'll beat the foe -  
 Next Year!





*Mu Gamma-Back row: Jone Stikemon, Judy Johnston, Dagmar Gray, Wendy Hompson, Solly Shorp, Katrina McLean, Julia Keefer, Janet Holden, Ann Johnson. Fourth row: Mortho Howlett, Berian Laxton, Edith Bottamley, Rasalie Parsons, Kathy Keefer, Kathy Stewort, Sally Pepall, Shelogh McLean. Third row: Gail Flintoft, Jonet Jahnstan, Debby Motheson, Morgat Svenningson, Leslie Banks, Diano MacKenzie, Leigh Dovidson, Linda Sutherland. Second row: Suson Jahnson, Janet Sounderson, Judy Elder, Solly Svenningson, Jill Campbell, Kathy Newcomb, Christie McLeod, Dophne MacKenzie. Front row: Linda Pacun, Deirdre Stoker, Soroh Scott, Gill Stikemon, Louise Keefer, Solly Grohom, Wendy Cryer. Absent: Morgat Lavis, Elizabeth Reade.*

## MU GAMMA

House Mistresses .....	Miss Foster, Miss Malachowski
Head .....	Sally Sharp
Sub-head .....	Judy Johnston
Games Captain .....	Sally Sharp

Oh come ye Mu Gamians, come all if ye will,  
 And hear a sad story of how we stood still  
 While others worked harder and forged on ahead.  
 Thus forcing Mu Gamma to second (?) instead!  
 "Oh no!" ye will cry, "We did all we could!"  
 And this is quite true, for we were pretty good;  
 From Louis and Keefer and Johnston and Scott  
 And Svenningson oodles of ex'lents we got.  
 But this was not all, for rule and return  
 And detention kept coming — Oh when will we learn!?!  
 But fortunately we fared better in sports,  
 And everyone feared us on volleyball courts!  
 With spirit like this let's just hope we can win  
 All the races on Sports' Day — if not it is a sin.  
 Miss Foster and Miss Malachowski we thank  
 For their kindness and help; but we must be frank:  
 We know we're defeated — we've had to succumb —  
 But fellow Mu Gamians, let's not be glum;  
 Be happy and cheerful, and shed not a tear,  
 And think to yourself, "Boy, just wait till next year!"

Good luck,  
 SALLY SHARP, JUDY JOHNSTON

# TURNABOUT SHOP INC.

1966 – 1967

## EXECUTIVE

Mrs. H. Nercessian.....	<i>President</i>
Mrs. M. Hannaford.....	<i>President</i>
Mrs. J. Tennant.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Mrs. A. MacTavish.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Mrs. P. Demers.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

## DIRECTORS

Mrs. R. Birks.....	<i>Volunteers</i>
Mrs. L. McMaster.....	<i>Volunteers</i>
Mrs. R. Nelson.....	<i>Pricing</i>
Mrs. J. Benbow.....	<i>Pricing</i>
Mrs. J. Bottomley.....	<i>Stock</i>
Mrs. T. Harris.....	<i>Display</i>
Mrs. D. Greenwood.....	<i>Display</i>
Mrs. A. L. Albu.....	<i>Pay-Off</i>
Mrs. D. Wallace.....	<i>Pay-Off</i>
Mrs. C. Lewis.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>

The Turnabout Shop had completed another very successful year with clothing coming in to be sold in ever increasing amounts and according to our treasurer, Mrs. MacTavish, being purchased in greater quantities than ever before.

Our contribution to the Study Pension Fund was \$8,200.00 last year and we hope to do as well this year. Our total donation since 1956 is \$53,550.00.

We would like to thank Miss Tapner for keeping everything running so smoothly in spite of the many problems which beset us from time to time. Mrs. Lee came to our rescue on several occasions when the influx of clothing threatened to swamp us.

Mrs. Birks, our chairman in charge of volunteers, had a particularly difficult job to do this year as there appear to be very few Old Girls interested in helping us carry on this very worthwhile project and consequently we were shorthanded on many occasions. We hope that there will be an increase in volunteers during the coming year in order that we may continue to make the Shop a successful venture.

Our most sincere thanks to the directors and volunteers who have helped us this year.

PETRONEL NERCESSIAN  
JOAN HANNAFORD

## VOLUNTEERS

Mrs. R. Adair,	Mrs. M. Boswell,
Mrs. J. D. Carling,	Mrs. A. Carlson,
Mrs. E. Christmas,	Mrs. R. Collyer,
Mrs. G. Copping,	Mrs. B. Curric,
Mrs. W. K. Davidson	Mrs. J. Elder,
Mrs. F. Fairman,	Mrs. H. Gault,
Mrs. A. Gilday,	Mrs. J. Graham,
Mrs. Morgan Grenville,	Mrs. A. Holder,
Mrs. A. Johnston	Mrs. B. H. Lloyd
Mrs. S. Lyman,	Mrs. N. Manning,
Mrs. L. H. Packard,	Mrs. D. Penton,
Mrs. B. Porteous,	Mrs. A. R. Reid,
Mrs. A. P. Shearwood,	Mrs. J. P. Skelton,
Mrs. J. L. Sladen,	Mrs. R. H. Stevenson,
Mrs. D. Stoker,	Mrs. G. Trower,
Mrs. C. R. Watt,	Mrs. G. L. White,
Mrs. P. Wickham,	Mrs. R. Willis O'Connor.



## STUDY OLD GIRLS ASSOCIATION

President: Mrs. Hugh Hallward (Martha Fisher)  
Secretary: Mrs. R. L. Munro (Pat MacDermot)  
Treasurer: Mrs. John Dixon (Elizabeth McConkey)

Mrs. A. H. Holden (Jean Gordon), Mrs. Pierre Gould (Ethel Enderby), Mrs. R.C.T. Harris (Gwen Marler), Mrs. David Mackenzie (Joan Mackay), Mrs. James McDougall (Willa Birks), Mrs. L. H. Packard (Elaine Goodall), Mrs. Richard A. Stikeman (Shirley McCall), Christine French.

The Old Girls are delighted anew every year to be permitted some space in the Chronicle, and as your S.O.G.A. Committee winds up another year we find to our pleasure that we have lots of good news to tell you.

The sale of Miss Seath's paintings at the Annual Dinner last June brought over \$500.00 to the S.O.G.A. coffers. From this sum, a donation was given to the Art Room in memory of Miss Seath.

We have given a larger donation to the Library this year to assist in bringing it up to the minimum requirements for a school of this size. This continues to be a project to which the Old Girls can give very valuable and concrete support.

Once again we contributed to the Building Fund. The efforts of the Old Girls in all fields are greatly appreciated.

The S.O.G.A. Executive decided in October that a tour of the Expo '67 site would appeal to a good many Old Girls. Quite a few adults had been on organized tours, but few children had had this opportunity, so it was decided to run a tour on the day before the site was to be closed to traffic, Saturday, October the 29th.

This was not to be a money raising event, so it was decided to make the ticket price as reasonable as possible, and it was found that one dollar per passenger would cover the cost. It did, and a little bit over. There was no time to print tickets, so the executive did a telephone blitz campaign with the result that 298 tickets were sold in a brief period of time.

Six buses, loaded with Old Girls, accompanied by their children or friends, set off on a cold and windy Saturday morning. Everyone was most impressed with what they saw, and the general opinion voiced after the tour was that we could hardly wait for April and the opening of Expo '67.

The School offers congratulations to its new Doctor. Anne Hale has gained her Ph. D. from Brown University for research in biology. The School was fortunate to have her carry on Mrs. Scott's work during the latter's illness.

Linda Frosst Adams graduated in Music from the University of Western Ontario. She is now teaching music and French at St. Mildred's school in Toronto, and is in fact founding their music department.

Sheila Bruce gained her post graduate diploma of Education in London, England at Cavendish Square College, London University, and is now teaching at St. George's School, Montreal.

Lindsay Scott, Karen Keator Price, Sarah Farrell, Lorna Birks and Gail Connel graduated from McGill University last June. The first three are now working for post graduate degrees.

Jean Finnie secured her degree from Sir George Williams University, Mary MacFarlane from Connecticut University and Janet Gardiner from Bishop's University.

Sally Griffin has entered Bishop's University with an entrance scholarship.

The Graduates, 1966, are almost all ensconced in University programs at the various colleges of their choice in North America. Susan Rose, the Head Girl, along with Patricia Shannon, Sally Baxter, Ann Markham, Sally Nelson, Virginia Nonnenman and Rick Zinman is enjoying college life at McGill. At Bishop's University: Sally Griffin, Joanne Egar and Cathy Campbell. Diana Pepall is at U.N.B.; Janice Hamilton at Carleton; Louisa Mathias is at Sir George Williams; Susan Fisher is at Montesano in Switzerland and Nora Hague is attending Art School in Montreal. Six girls are attending college in the States: Pegi Bates and Kathy Common are at Middlebury; Andrea Thompson is at Colby; Patty Pepall at Barnard; Jane Birks at Garland and Anne de Martigny is at Wheelock College.

Our congratulations to Carol Frueh and Andrea Thompson, both of whom have made the Dean's List at their respective colleges.

Welcoming Mary MacKay to the School Staff next September will be a happy occasion. Mary will be the seventh Old Girl to teach at the Study.

Before retiring in June, I would like to record my gratitude to my Committee. Thanks to their humour and co-operation this year has not only been very rewarding but fun as well. To Miss Lamont and her staff we all offer our gratitude and admiration - both unbounded.

MARTHA HALLWARD.

## MARRIAGES

Jean Finnie to Mr. Eric Carl Riordon  
Wendy Tidmarsh to Mr. David Williams Betts  
Althea Nonnenman to Mr. Robert J. Russell  
Karen Keator to Mr. Ian Edward Greville Price  
Deborah Frosst to Mr. James Arthur Evans  
Prudence Reilley to Mr. Claude Louis Bonnard  
Gabrielle Moquette to Mr. Wakeham Dawes Cullen Pilot  
Lyn Geddes to Mr. James Adams Woodward  
Penelope Hugman to Mr. Donald Bruce Wilkie  
Joan Francis to Mr. Colin Graham Brewer  
Heather MacLean to Mr. Frank Norman Heaps  
Sally Birks to Mr. Kenneth Reid Hennessy  
Penny Corneil to Mr. Colin James Butcher  
Jocelyn Gordon to Mr. John Robert Douglas McCurdy  
Diana Johnson to Dr. Llewelyn Kibben Williams  
Mimi Baird to Mr. Herbert John Greeniaus  
Jennifer Trower to Mr. Robert Manson Jackson III  
Adrienne Cassils to Mr. Stephen Louis Raphael  
Sally Meakins to Mr. Rawdon St. John Jackson  
Diana Stephens to Mr. Jeffrey Gordon Marshall  
Joel Pootmans to Mr. Ronald Neil St. Germain  
Margaret Wallace to Mr. Stephen Rogers

## BIRTHS

To Mr. & Mrs. John Lyons (Lynne Parish) a daughter and son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Hampson (Joan Evans) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Tingley (Sara Thornton) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Anson R. McKim (Fiona Bogert) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Thorp (Wendy Black) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. John Waterson (Dorothy McIntosh) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Jim McBride (Beverley Hastings) a son  
To Dr. & Mrs. Dennis Drummond (Joan Kimber) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Ian Bovey (Diana Wright) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Edmond Eberts (Daphne Louson) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. W. Graeme McMurray (Diana Fairman) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd Wornell (Judith Thomas) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Robert Glaymon (Stephanie Stern) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Davenport (Nina de Bury) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. C. Hampton-Davies (Gail Daley) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. John W. Sambrook (Mary Bogert) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Robin W. Berlyn (Judith Dobell) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. John Lynch-Staunton (Juliana de Kuyper) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. John Blachford (Janet Savage) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Philip Bannister (Judy Kirkpatrick) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. David Hill (Cynthia Hutchins) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Joe Wenk (Carroll Campbell) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Lorne H. Walls (Barbara MacLean) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Robert J. Russell (Althea Nonnenman) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Roger Daigneault (Lynda Melling) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Sofin (Beverley Mellen) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Michael Peers (Diana Gaherty) a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Charles G. Rodney Leach (Felicity Ballantyne) a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Richard Havelock Raikes (Toni Newman) a daughter



